THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 27, 1809.

VILLAGE BURIALS.

[From the third Edition of Poems by the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B.]

Qui vultus Acherontis atri,
Qui Stygia tristem, non tristes, videt.
* * * * * * *
Par ille regi, par superis erit.

SENECA IN AGAMEM.

THERE was, 'tis said, and I believe, a time,
When humble Christians died with views sublime;
When all were ready for their faith to bleed,
But few to write or wrangle for their creed;
When lively faith upheld the sinking heart,
And friends, assur'd to meet, prepar'd to part;
When love felt hope, when sorrow grew serene,
And all was comfort in the death-bed scene.
Alas! when now the gloomy king they wait,
'Tis weakness yielding to resistless fate;
Like wretched men upon the ocean cast,
They labour hard and struggle to the last;
"Hope against hope," and widely gaze around,
In search of help that never shall be found;
Nor, 'till the last strong billow stops the breath,
Will they believe them in the jaws of death!
When these my records I reflecting read,
And find what ills these numerous births succeed;
What powerful griefs these nuptial ties attend,
With what regret these painful journies end;

When from the cradle to the grave I look,
Mine I conceive a melancholy book.
Where now is perfect resignation seen?
Alas! it is not on the village green;—
I've seldom known, though I have often read
Of happy peasants on their dying-bed;
Whose looks proclaim'd that sunshine of the breast,
That more than hope, that Heav'n itself express'd.
What I behold are feverish fits of strife,
'Twixt fears of dying and desire of life;
Those earthly hopes, that to the last endure;
Those fears, that hopes superior fail to cure;
At best a sad submission to the doom,
Which, turning from the danger, lets it come.
Sick lies the man, bewilder'd, lost, afraid,
His spirits vanquish'd, and his strength decay'd;
No hope the friend, the nurse, the doctor lend—
"Call then a priest, and fit him for his end."
A priest is call'd, 'tis now, alas! too late,
Death enters with him at the cottage-gate;
Or time allow'd—he goes, assur'd to find,
The self-commending, all-confiding mind;
And sighs to hear what we may justly call,
Death's common-place, the train of thought in all.
"True, I'm a sinner," feebly he begins,
"But trust in mercy to forgive my sins;"
(Such cool confession no past crimes excite!
Such claim on mercy, as a sinner's right!)
"I know, mankind are frail, that God is just,
And pardons those who in his mercy trust:
We're ly sorely tempted in a world like this,
All men have done, and I like all, amiss;
But now, if spar'd, it is my full intent,
On all the past to ponder and repent;
Wrongs against me I pardon great and small,
And if I die, I die in peace with all,"
His merits thus, and not his sins, confest,
He speaks his hopes, and leaves to Heav'n the rest.
Alas! are these the prospects, dull and cold,
That dying Christians to their priests unfold?
Or mends the prospect when th' enthusiast cries,
"I die assur'd!" and in a rapture dies?
Ah, where that humble, self-abasing mind,
With that confiding spirit shall we find;
The mind that feeling what repentance brings,
Dejection's terrors and contrition's stings,
Has then the hope that Heav'n its grief approve,
And the pure joy that flows from pardoning love?

Such

Such have I seen in death, and much deplore
So many dying—that I see no more:
Lo! now my records, where I grieve to trace,
How death has triumph'd in so short a space;
Who are the dead, how died they, I relate,
And snatch some portion of their acts from fate.
With Andrew Collet we the year begin,
The blind fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn:
Big as his butt, and for the self-same use,
To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
In revel chief, and umpire in debate;
Each night his string of vulgar tales he told,
When ales were cheap, and bachelors were bold;
His heroes all were famous in their days,
Cheats were his boast, and drunkards had his praise;
"One in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,
As mugs were then—the champion of the crown;
For thrice three days another liv'd on ale,
And knew no change but that of mild and stale;
Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied;
Nor from their seats departed, 'till they found,
That butt was out, and heard the mournful sound."
He praised a poacher, precious child of fun!
Who shot the keeper with his own spring-gun;
Nor less the smuggler, who the exciseman tied,
And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
There to expire;—but one who saw him hang,
Cut the good cord—a traitor of the gang.
His own exploits, with boastful glee, he told,
What ponds he empty'd, and what pikes he sold;
And how, when blest with sight alert and gay,
The night's amusements kept him through the day.
He sang the praises of those times, when all
"For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call:
When justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view."
He told, when angry wives, provok'd to rail,
Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale;
What were his triumphs, and how great the skill,
That won the vex'd virago to his will;
Who raving came: then talk'd in milder strain,—
Then wept,—then drank and pledg'd her spouse again.
Such were his themes: how knaves o'er law prevail,
Or when made captives, how they fly from jail;
The young how brave, how subtle were the old,
And oaths attested all that folly told.

On death like his what name shall we bestow,
So very sudden! yet so very slow?
'Twas slow:—Disease augmenting year by year,
Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near;
'Twas not less sudden:—in the night he died,
He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied;
Thus aiding folly with departing breath:—
"Beware, Lorenzo, the slow-sudden death."
Next died the Widow Goe, an active dame,
Fam'd ten miles round, and worthy all her fame:
She lost her husband when their loves were young,
But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue;
Full thirty years she rul'd with matchless skill,
With guiding judgment, and resistless will;
Advice she scorn'd, rebellion she suppress'd,
And sons and servants bow'd at her behest.
Like that great man's, who to his Saviour came,
Were the strong words of this commanding dame;
"Come," if she said, they came; if "go," were gone;
And if "do this,"—that instant it was done;
Her maidens told she was all eye and ear,
In darkness saw, and could at distance hear;
No parish-business in the place could stir,
Without direction or assent from her;
In turn she took each office as it fell,
Knew all their duties, and discharg'd them well;
The lazy vagrants in her presence shook,
And pregnant damsels fear'd her stern rebuke;
She look'd on want, with judgment, clear and cool,
And felt with reason, and bestow'd by rule;
She match'd both sons and daughters to her mind,
And lent them eyes, for love, she heard, was blind;
Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive,
The working bee, in full or empty hive;
Busy and careful, like that working bee,
No time for love nor tender cares had she;
But when our farmers make their amorous vows,
She talk'd of market-steeds and patent-ploughs.
Not unemploy'd her evenings pass'd away,
Amusement clos'd, as business wak'd the day;
When to her toilet's brief concern she ran,
And conversation with her friends, began;
Who all were welcome at her board to share,
And joyous neighbours prais'd her Christmas fare;
That none around might, in their scorn, complain
Of Gossip Goe as greedy in her gain.
Thus long she reign'd, admir'd, if not approv'd;
Prais'd, if not honour'd; fear'd, if not belov'd;—

When,

When, as the busy days of spring drew near,
That call'd for all the forecast of the year;
When lively hope the rising crops survey'd,
And April promis'd what September paid;
Where stray'd her lambs where gorse and greenweed grow;
When rose her grass in richer vales below;
When pleas'd she look'd on all the smiling land,
And view'd the hinds, who wrought at her command,
As Bridget churn'd the butter for her hand;
(Geese, hens, and turkies following where she went;)
Then, dread o'ercame her,—that her days were spent.
"Bless me! I die, and not a warning giv'n,—
With much to do on earth, and all for Heav'n!
No reparation for my soul's affairs,
No leave petition'd for the barn's repairs;
Accounts perplex'd, my interest yet unpaid,
My mind unsettled, and my will unmade;
A lawyer haste, and in your way, a priest;
And let me die in one good work at least."
She spake, and trembling, dropp'd upon her knees,
Heaven in her eye, and in her hand the keys;
And still the more she found her life decay,
With greater force she grasp'd those signs of sway,
Then fell and died!—In haste her sons drew near,
And dropp'd, in haste, the tributary tear,
Then from th' adhering clasp the keys unbound,
And consolation for their sorrows found.

(To be continued.)

TRAGICAL EFFECTS *of* JEALOUSY.

DURING the civil wars of Geneva, an Italian, named Grimaldi, fled to Pisa. Money was the only object in the universe that could boast of his regard or friendship. He maintained that it was right to pursue fortune in any way, and to purchase it at any price whatever; and that people need be ashamed only of those means which happen to fail. It was a common saying of his, that those who have plenty of money are troubled with few qualms of conscience.

Such principles could not fail to lead him into the high road of wealth. He began at a very early age to lay the foundation of his fortune, and even in his youth acquired the appellation of miser. With the talent of obtaining riches, he united the much more rare qualification of keeping them. He lived quite alone, having neither dog nor cat in his house, because he would have been obliged to maintain them. For the same

reason

reason he kept no servant, as he had then no wages to pay. He was at the same time in continual fear of being robbed; and theft and robbery were in his opinion crimes of a far deeper dye than murder or parricide. He was the object of universal hatred and contempt, but when he had received an affront, he went home, and a look at his beloved hoard afforded abundant consolation.

The frugality of his repasts, and the wretchedness of his attire, did not deceive the public in respect to his circumstances. These expedients of misers seldom answer the purpose for which they were designed. The cloak of indigence under which they hope to conceal their wealth often serves only to give others a higher opinion of their riches, and their apparent penury becomes a sign that is hung out to invite thieves to enter.

One evening, when he had supped in company, but not at home as may easily be imagined, he set out alone, and at a very late hour, to return to his habitation. By the way he was attacked by one of those lurking assassins, formerly so numerous in the cities of Italy. Grimaldi's bosom was pierced by a dagger, but he had still strength sufficient to escape from the murderer by flight. At this moment a tremendous storm came on. Exhausted by his wound, and overcome by terror and the inclemency of the weather, Grimaldi entered a goldsmith's shop, which chanced to be still open. Fazio's efforts, like Grimaldi's, were directed to the acquisition of wealth, but he pursued a much more precarious way than usury. He was engaged in seeking the philosopher's stone. This evening he was making a great experiment, and had left his shop open on purpose to moderate the heat proceeding from the furnace.

With hasty step Grimaldi entered. Fazio, the goldsmith, knew him, and asked what brought him out so late, and in such unfavourable weather. "Alas!" sighed Grimaldi, "I am wounded!" and instantly sunk into a chair, and expired.

The alarm of Fazio may be more easily conceived than described. He hastened to tear open Grimaldi's clothes, that he might breathe more freely, and tried all possible means to restore him to life, but in vain. Fazio then examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had received a wound in the breast. The wound had closed in such a manner, that the blood, unable to find a passage, had suffocated the unfortunate Grimaldi.

This extraordinary circumstance threw Fazio into the utmost perplexity. All his neighbours were asleep, or had shut themselves up in their houses on account of the tempestuous weather. He had nobody in his house but himself; his wife and two children having gone to his father's, whose death was hourly expected.

A bold idea suddenly rushed upon his mind, but under all the circumstances of the case, it appeared extremely easy of execution. He was sure that no one had seen Grimaldi enter his shop. The continuance of the rain and of the storm took from every person all inclination to look out of the window. On the other hand, Fazio was aware that if he made known Grimaldi's death, he should not himself escape suspicion. After maturely considering the affair, he shut up his shop, resolving to turn this adventure to his advantage, and in his love of transformations, to try whether he could not change bad luck into good, as he had before attempted to convert his lead into gold or silver.

Fazio either knew or suspected that Grimaldi was rich. He began to search his pockets, and found in them some money, together with a large bunch of keys. This, thought he, is evidently a dispensation of Heaven; the finger of providence is plainly discernible in the event. That such a dreadful storm should take place to-night, that my shop should be open so late, that Grimaldi should be wounded, and expire in my chair, are circumstances which could not have happened but by its particular direction. He has no relation, perhaps not even a friend. One stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio may as well be his heir as any other person. Nay, in fact, I have perhaps the best right to his property. Had it not been for me he would have died in the street, and have been exposed to the rain the whole night. Who knows but what he came into my shop with the intention of making me his heir. His visit supplies the place of a will. I will inherit his property in silence; that will be the most prudent, and the safest way. For were I to relate the whole affair to the magistrates, they would not believe me. Grimaldi's corpse is in my house; every body would look upon me as a murderer, and it would be impossible for me to prove my innocence. If I bury him without farther ceremony, no suspicion can attach to me, because nobody knows any thing of the matter. And in truth it cannot be difficult to chuse between riches and the scaffold. I have at length found the philosopher's stone, which I have so long been in search of. I have found it without the help of fluxes, furnaces, or crucibles.

Providing himself with a dark lantern, he proceeded to the execution of his design. The rain descended in a deluge, the thunder rolled most awfully, but Fazio neither felt the one nor heard the other. His whole soul was engaged with the thoughts of Grimaldi's treasures. He tried his keys, opened the door, and went forward into the apartment in which he lived. It was not large, but well secured, having many more locks than doors. It may be easily conceived what was the first object of search. All the keys of the bunch were successively

cessively applied to the desk, and he almost began to despair of opening it; for it had four or five locks on the outside exclusive of those within. At length he accomplished his purpose; he found a small box full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and near it four bags, on each of which he read with transport, the words—three thousand gold ducats.

Trembling for joy, he seized the bags, but left the jewels untouched, as they might have betrayed him. This done, as he was a lover of order, he placed every thing in its former position, locked up every place as he found it, and returned home with his load, without being met or seen by a single creature. The first thing he did was to convey his bags to a place of safety, and the next to dispose of the body of the deceased. He lifted it with as much ease as a feather; for the mere touch of the bags of money had communicated to him a degree of strength at which he himself could not help being astonished. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, and dug a deep hole, in which he deposited him, with all his keys and clothes. This grave he covered up with such care, that nobody could have discovered the least trace of what he had been doing.

Having accomplished this business, Fazio hastened to his room, not so much to count the money, as to feast himself with the sight of it. He found the number of pieces perfectly correct; not one was wanting; but he was dazzled with the magnitude of the sum. He first counted it, and then weighed it; his transports increased every moment. He conveyed the whole heap to a secret closet, burned the bags, and never took his eyes off them 'till they were consumed to the very last atom, on which he scattered the ashes in the air, for fear even they might betray him. At length he retired to rest, for he was greatly exhausted by his exertions and his joy.

Some days afterwards, as nothing was seen or heard of Grimaldi, the magistrates sent proper persons to break open his house and his apartments. They were astonished to find no traces of the master, but they were still more surprised to discover no ready money.

Three months elapsed, and no tidings were heard of Grimaldi. As soon as Fazio remarked that his sudden disappearance ceased to be the subject of conversation, he began to drop obscure hints respecting his chemical discoveries. Some time afterwards he even began to give his acquaintance to understand that he had produced a bar of gold. They laughed at him to his face, knowing how often he had already been deceived in his operations. This time, however, Fazio steadily adhered to his assertion, prudently observing a certain gradation in his expressions of joy; and at length announced his intention of making a journey to France to turn his bullion into money.

In order to secure himself the more completely from suspicion, he pretended to be in want of money for the journey, and accordingly borrowed one hundred florins on a farm which had not yet evaporated in the smoke of his alchemical researches. Half of this sum he kept himself, and gave the other to his wife, to whom he at the same time announced his speedy departure. This intelligence made her tremble. She was afraid that it was the utter ruin of his circumstances that compelled Fazio to quit the country; she fancied that she should never see him again, and that she, with her two children, forsaken by husband and father, would soon be reduced to extreme indigence. She begged, she conjured him to stay. She had recourse to every expedient, both to reproaches and tears. She spoke with such warmth and affection that Fazio, no longer proof against her intreaties, could not help communicating the secret which he had previously determined to keeped locked within his own bosom as long as he lived. He took her by the hand, conducted her to his closet, related the affair with Grimaldi, and shewed her his money, adding:—"Have you now any doubts respecting the reality of my bar of gold?"

The reader may conceive the transports of Valentina, the wife of Fazio. She threw herself into his arms, and her thanks and caresses were now as warm as her reproaches and objections had before been violent. Numberless plans of future happiness and splendour were formed, and immediate preparations made for the journey. On the day fixed for his departure, however, Valentina, who, as may easily be supposed, had been enjoined by Fazio to observe the profoundest secrecy, did not fail to make common cause with the whole family, and to oppose the journey as she had done before. She appeared the picture of despair; she lavished prayers and intreaties, accompanied with floods of tears, while her heart was the abode of joy. Fazio was looked upon as a fool. The whole city made him the butt of their ridicule, and he in his turn laughed at the whole city.

(To be continued.)

Of the ANTIQUITY *and* USE *of* GLOVES.

IT is impossible to trace to their origin the use of gloves, which the numberless occupations of mankind made necessary, even among people rude and uncivilized. Xenophon is the most ancient writer who mentions them, when speaking of the manners of the Persians, he adduces them as proofs of their effeminacy. No doubt when men and women, whom fortune placed above manual labours, wore them, they then might justly be considered as a luxury, not only injurious to health,

but as debasing the manly character. Gloves, by their warmth, relax the pores, and with the other warm covering of the body bring on a debility of constitution: they make the usual wholesome coldness of the air to be severely felt, and when they are considered as whitening the hands, they become not only an expensive part of dress, but in a great measure render the most useful members of the body an incumbrance.

Homer represents Laertes at work in his garden with gloves on his hands to secure them from thorns. Varro informs us the Romans had them, for he remarks that olives gathered with the naked hand were preferable to those collected with gloves. And Athenæus records it of a celebrated epicure who always came to dinner with gloves on, that he might be able to handle the meat when very hot, and thereby devour more than the rest of the company. I cannot bring myself to believe, that gloves were thought by the Greeks and Romans, as ornamental or as necessary an appendage of dress as among the moderns, for we never see them on statues or medals, but the arms quite bare to the elbow. On the contrary our painters and statuaries frequently give us portraits with embroidered gloves on, or holding them in their hands.

In the second century, Musonius, a philosopher, cries out, that it is a shame for persons in perfect health to clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings. What would he have said, had he beheld the present generation, in a temperate climate, enveloped in rich furs, furred shoes, tippets and muffs? In the ninth century, the use of gloves became so universal, that the church was obliged to interpose its authority, to stop the rapid strides luxury was making in this respect. The council of Aix ordered ecclesiastics to wear gloves made of sheepskin.

The history of gloves becomes of importance when we find them the symbols of investiture, and an essential part of the episcopal habit. Some abbots and religious in France presuming to wear gloves, the council of Poictiers forbid them. I suppose these were of a particular shape, and adorned in an unusual manner. As a person acquired honour and possession by the delivery of gloves, so he was degraded when he was deprived of them. Andrew Herkley, earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward II. impeached of holding traiterous correspondence with the Scots, had his gloves taken off before he was led to the place of execution.

When a challenge was given, a glove was thrown down; if the opposite party took it up and put it on his right hand, the challenge was accepted. This practice was continued to the reign of Elizabeth, but Cowell alledges an instance later, of Lord Ray and David Ramsey, in the time of Charles I. At a coronation, Mr. Dymocke, the king's champion, throws down

down his glove in Westminster-hall, to see who will deny his majesty's title to the crown, and in virtue of this ceremony holds the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire. It was usual for the judges, when the assize was a maiden one, to receive gloves from the sheriff. In Germany, if the gloves are not taken off when you go into the stables of a prince, you pay a forfeit to redeem them. When a stag is killed in France, the sportsmen either give their gloves or money to the huntsmen, and Louis XIV. never omitted pulling off one of his gloves on that occasion. The writer begs leave to drop his pen and put on his gloves, for the weather is excessive cold.

D.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Some Observations on the Painted Windows in the Parish Church of St. Neott's, in Cornwall.

ALL the windows in this church have been painted, or rather put together, and made out of pieces of painted glass, the greatest part of which have been stained through by some chymical process. Other parts are painted on the glass in order to fill up and finish the figures. With regard to the time it was done, or by whom, we have nothing here left to guide our enquiry; but it is beyond a doubt that the greatest part of them were done after the death of Adolphus Neotus, who flourished here in 896, as one of the windows is particularly lavish in the praise of that noble divine and philosopher, by attributing to him the miraculous power of restoring fishes which had been previously broiled, to the natural use of their native element; which story, with many others equally ridiculous, being represented on several parts of the above window, and carefully handed down from father to son, are now implicitly believed by many of the inhabitants.

Most of the other windows are filled with the figures of men and women invoking their several saints, and other legendary tales, together with the arms of different families, who bore them in those days. But the most beautiful, and that which has sustained the least damage is the east window, in the south aisle. This window is divided into fifteen columns, in which are represented the six days work of the creation, together with other sacred historical passages and Jewish traditions, in the following order:—

The first column represents the Deity beginning the stupendous work of creation, which is thus beautifully described by Milton. "In his hand he took the golden compasses, pre-

pared in God's eternal store to circumscribe this universe and all created things." The various other parts of the creation are carried on and finished in the first five columns, and ends in the formation of the fairest part of it. " Under his forming hand a creature grew; man-like, but different sex."

In the sixth column God brings Adam to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and gives him the charge concerning it—" For in the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Gen. ch. 2, ver. 17. " Sternly he pronounced the rigid interdiction."—MILTON.

In the seventh is represented the temptation and trangression. The incarnate serpent is wound about the trunk of the tree, in an erect posture, addressing himself to Adam and Eve who are both at the tree, each having part of the forbidden fruit in their hands. But Milton says the serpent was gone, and had left Eve before Adam came in search of her—" Back to the thicket slunk the guilty serpent." The eighth represents the late happy pair in a state of nakedness, shame, and conscious guilt, shunning the presence of their maker. " And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." Gen. ch. 3. ver. 10. In the ninth they are represented with aprons, and having betaken themselves to rural employments; Adam having in his hand a spade, and Eve a wheel and distaff. In the tenth Cain and Abel are offering their sacrifices, and their acceptance and rejection are distinguished by the flame of Abel's ascending, and that of Cain's descending. This distinction is visible in Cain's countenance. " And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell." Gen. ch. 4, ver. 5. The eleventh represents the tragical death of Abel by his brother Cain. Abel is fallen towards the earth, and Cain, like a furious assassin, stands over him with the jaw-bone of some animal in his uplifted right hand, whilst his left hand grasps him fast, and holds him down.

In the twelfth the Deity is represented coming in a cloud to enquire of Cain for his brother Abel, " Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not; am I my brother's keeper?" He then accuses him with the bloody deed—" What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Gen. ch. 4, ver. 9, 10. Cain is standing in a fearful posture, with the jaw-bone concealed behind his back, and his countenance appears as one stung with all the horrors of fratricide.

The thirteenth represents the death of Cain by Lamech; but as we have no scriptural account of it we may rather call it a Jewish tradition. Lamech is represented blind, and is led by a lad to the place of Cain's concealment, under a tree. He holds

holds a bow and arrow in his hand, and the arrow is pointed to Cain's breast. There is a tradition amongst the Jews that Lamech, having returned from the slaughter of Cain, and sitting in his house with the boy that led him betwixt his knees, elated with success, he smote his hands together, and forgetting the situation of the lad, crushed his scull together. It is not improbable but this circumstance made him address his wives in that emphatical manner, Gen. ch. 4, ver 23, 24, " Hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech, for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Caln shall be avenged seven fold, truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

In the fourteenth we behold the venerable father of mankind lying on his death-bed; his son Seth is ministering unto him, and is putting three sparrows eggs into his mouth. In the back part of the column, opposite to Adam, in the boughs of a tree, is a naked infant, as it were in the act of ascending, supposed by some to represent the departing soul of Adam.

In the fifteenth and last column God is represented giving instructions to Noah concerning building the ark, and on a window adjoining is delineated the Mosaick history of the deluge.

There are several other pieces of curious painting in these windows worthy the attention of the adepts in painting and hieroglyphics.

Y. Z.

Curious Experiments with a red-hot Poker.

A Correspondent of the Philosophical Journal, alluding to the feats exhibited on the continent by Signior Lionetto, commonly called the incombustible man, observes:—

" I have repeatedly seen a friend of mine pass over his tongue, without any covering, a red-hot poker; and this experiment, which he has performed hundreds of times, to the great astonishment of dinner and tea-parties where he happened to be, I ventured, on his assurance, that no hurt would ensue, to repeat. I found that it may be done with the utmost safety; the only effect is a slight taste in the mouth of carbonated hydrogen, and a very slight soreness for a short time. It is only necessary that the tongue be wet with saliva before it is put out of the mouth, and that the poker be of course quickly passed over it. The cause of this phenomenon I conceive to be that the saliva is vaporized, and in fact it prevents the iron from ever touching the cuticle."

In addition to this, the conductor of the above-mentioned journal subjoins the following facts:—

" Having

" Having mentioned to a plumber whom I had employed to repair a lead cistern, some of the particulars of the incombustible man, he expressed but little surprise. Any one, he said, might draw their finger through melted lead, if they did it somewhat quickly; and having in his hand a ladle full of melted solder, he instantly passed his finger through it. He said he had often passed a piece of red-hot iron over his tongue, and seen others do it without injury. In the first experiment, he said, it was necessary that the finger should be perfectly dry, otherwise the person might get what he called a *thimble*; that is, some of the metal would adhere to the finger, and produce a severe burn. In the experiment of passing a red-hot iron over the tongue, the iron, he said, should be very red; if only of a black heat, nearly, but not quite red-hot, it was sure to burn the tongue most severely. I shall here state another fact, which may perhaps be explained, but not quite so satisfactorily, on similar principles. A gentleman informs me that he has seen an iron-founder skim melted iron with his hand. The founder stated he could only do it when the iron was boiling hot; if of a lower heat, it would burn him."

Observations on the Impropriety of a Careless Attendance on the Duties of Public Worship.

By the Rev. Dr. GARDNER, of Bath.

ONE great cause of the little effect produced by religion on the minds and hearts of men is, their indisposition to profit by public worship. Some consider it as an obligation of a neutral kind, which may be dispensed with or fulfilled as inclination and convenience prompt. Others admit the propriety and utility of this duty in theory, but the practice of it does not maintain with them that dignity and consequence which it ought to have. They do not sufficiently reflect on the object to whom they are bound to present their homage; their inclination for prayer is not excited and regulated by a just idea of the majesty of that Being whom they are permitted to approach. If their minds were duly impressed with these sentiments, and their hearts adequately affected by them, would they not be scrupulously exact as to the time of resorting to " the temple of the Lord," to engage in his service? Would they suffer any trifling impediment to retard them in the discharge of so honourable a duty? Would they not a little anticipate the fixed period of its commencement, rather than let any of its precious moments be lost through a protracted hour of sleep (occasioned perhaps by the preceding evening's dissipation), or any such frivolous excuse; or, if thus

regardless

regardless of their own spiritual welfare, ought they by such negligence to run a risk of violating the laws of decorum, and disturbing others in their devotion who are more regular and punctual than themselves? More especially in a place like this, where the throne of grace is erected and opened to us, it concerns us, as far as we have at least our dearest, our temporal and eternal interests, to adopt such precautions as may enable us to approach it worthily. This we may do by meditating, on the morning of the sabbath, on subjects of a religious nature; such as, the "multitude of the mercy" of that God who, in bringing us out of "darkness into his marvellous light," hath afforded us means and opportunities to improve our natural gifts; who, though present every where, is so in an especial manner in his house, that he may confer on it an extraordinary degree of sanctity; and who invites us to resort to it, that he may communicate to us his blessings—absolution of our past sins, and strength to serve him more zealously in future: in a word, that he may establish our faith, and encourage our hope.

However, are there none who, instead of entertaining previous reflections of this kind, "come into the temple of the Lord," totally absorbed in the affairs of this world, thinking and talking on pursuits of a different nature, in which they hope soon to engage; bringing with them, like the pharisees of old, "their sheep and oxen," their business and their pleasures? Instead of exclaiming with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord," such persons come into it with sorrow or reluctance, as if driven into a prison, where they are excluded for a time from their favourite employments. Never do they bestow a previous thought on the nature of that august Being, who vouchsafes to admit them to him notwithstanding their natural corruption and unworthiness; nor on the motives which should induce them to "seek his face;" nor on the duties which they have to perform in his presence. In preparing to worship the Deity, they forget to exclaim with the pious Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this house; this is none other but the house of God." They imitate not the faithful Abraham, who left his incumbrances at the foot of the mountain, when he was about to offer a sacrifice to the Most High; they do not drive away all importunate thoughts, as he did the troublesome "fowls" which came to interrupt him in his duty. But, if persons will not "keep" or take heed to "their foot," on entering the house of God, as Solomon directs them, is it surprising that, when there, they "should give him the sacrifice of fools," instead of worshipping him with the reverence due to his holy name?

MAGNANIMITY *of* DEAN SWIFT.

IN the year 1724, Swift's patriotism burst forth with great vehemence, in his opposing the currency of Wood's halfpence. A full levee was held at the castle in Dublin, the day following that on which a proclamation had been issued against the Draper. The lord-lieutenant was going round the circle, when Dean Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and, pushing through the crowd, never stopped 'till he arrived within the circle. With marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, and in a voice which echoed through the room, he addressed the lord-lieutenant as follows: "So, my lord lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation has to expect from your government. I suppose you think that a statue of copper will be erected to you for the service thus rendered to Wood." He then for some time continued to inveigh in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displayed, in the strongest colours, the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck dumb with wonder at this unprecedented scene. In the presence of this man of virtue, the titled slaves and vassals of power felt and shrunk into their own insignificancy. Swift stood supereminent among them, like his own Gulliver amidst a circle of Liliputians. For some time, a profound silence ensued; but at length, Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in the following quotation from Virgil:

"Res duræ, et regni novitas, me talia cogunt moliri,"

"Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign, compel me to such measures."

The beauty of this quotation restored good humour to the whole assembly, and the levee broke out, some highly extolling the magnanimity of Swift, and all admiring the ingenuity of the lord-lieutenant's answer.

HINDOO MISSIONARY.

AMONG the catholic missionaries who visited Hindostan, Saint Francis Xavier was most eminent for his zeal, his observation, and his progress. Yet the inferences of his experience are alarming both to the cause of faith, and to the cause of tolerance. With the advantages of an idolatrous

ritual to exhibit, he hoped for success only from compulsion. Padre Navareta tells us, he said that no Christianity would ever thrive there unless the people were within reach of the musket.

REFLECTION.

REGRET for our past wicked or imprudent conduct is of little avail except it produce effectual and continued reformation; and such a change of behaviour is the only sure test of its sincerity, and alone can make it acceptable to God.

AN ANECDOTE.

LORD PETERBOROUGH, more famed for wit than religion, when he lodged with Fenelon at Cambray, was so charmed with the piety and virtue of the archbishop, that he exclaimed, at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of my self."

REMEDY *for a* SORE THROAT.

STEPPING down into a cellar some few nights ago, my legs plunged calf-high into water cold as snow: this was quite unexpected. Hurry seldom but impedes; and the wine I wanted kept me paddling more than twice the time it ought, without a glow of warmth re-acting in the end.

Being engaged for the next day in London, breakfast was ordered at half past six in the morning; but, on awaking, a sore throat gave serious alarm, with internal pain as well as swelling. The complaint would prevail certainly for some days, unless made to yield immediately. A bit of horse-radish was chewed, and passed to the root of the tongue, which occasioned a general watery discharge. After five or six minutes a second slice was used with the same effect, and in ten minutes more a third. Great relief followed the first use of the horse-radish, and the repetition gave a perfect cure.

This remedy is quick and certain in all catarrhal affections; and families should keep some through the winter, in a cellar secured from frost. In hoarseness and loss of voice, transverse sections are the lozenges of nature, and infallible without any patent.

*** The above article is copied from the Gentleman's Magazine for January last, and was signed "A Volunteer M. D."

Answer, by J. Melhuish, of Honiton, to C. Crew's Charade, inserted the 26th of December.

DOVE-TAIL by joiners oft is made,
The same I found is your charade.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Ball, at Evershot school; W. Petherick; W. Kent, near Camelford; W. D. Champion, of Bridgeter; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and H. Trenchard, junior, of Thorncombe.

Answer, by W. Petherick, to the Youth's Rebus, inserted the 2d of January.

YOUR parts reveal'd, and right combin'd,
The COURANT then will be defin'd.

†§† A similar answer has been received from G. A. F. Arden, and Samuel Duck, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; T. Kite, of Chard; and J. Melhuish, of Honiton.

Answer, by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater, to J. French's Charade, inserted January 2.

YOUR first and second parts unite,
They'll bring an ANTELOPE to sight.

☞ A similar answer has been received from H. B. of Bridgewater; S. Duck, and F. Arden, of South Petherton; John Woodman, of North Curry; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; G. S. of Egg Buckland; S. Tucker, of Bugford; C. Dean, of Fair Mile, near Ottery; J. W. of Charmouth; T. Kite, of Chard; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; W. Petherick; J. Ball, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, of Langham; and W. Kent, near Camelford.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Junior, of Ashburton.*

A Canaanitish city name,
And then a circle, bards of fame;
The two connect, they will display
An healthful exercise in May.

A CHARADE, *by R. Lovesmore, of Tiverton.*

HOW would that swain, bewilder'd on the plain,
Or in a dreary desert doom'd to stray,
Rejoice if he his native home could gain,
Before my first obscures his devious way.
If you should wander by the moon's pale light,
Across the lawn, or o'er the meadows green,
When twinkling stars emit effulgence bright,
'Tis then my next so transient may be seen.
To skilful botanists I must appeal,
To shew what these few simple lines conceal.

The Editor of the Entertainer, pluming himself on the strictly moral and chaste tendency of his publication, laments that one piece has found its way into it that should not have appeared. The like will not happen again.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Ode written on my Birth-Day, the 5th of February, 1809.

REVOLVING time has onward roll'd,
And brought years three times seven,
Since I the first time did behold
The glorious light of heaven.
How short, alas! is human life!
How interspers'd with care and strife!
And fraught with pain and sorrow!
Man, blooming in life's flowery vale,
Can scarce to-day its sweets inhale,
And is cut down to-morrow;
For when stern death, to stop his breath,
Shall come in all his dread array,
Nought can withstand his ruthless hand,
But all must then obey;
E'en pow'ful kings must yield to his destructive sway.

Since life is such a transient space,
I'll strive by true repentance,
To reach the throne of heavenly grace,
When I obey the sentence.
May virtue in my breast reside,
And justice all my actions guide,
With thee, Oh blest religion!
That when shall break life's fragile chain,
My soul may soar aloft to gain
The beatific region;
Where angels bright their songs unite,
To sing Jehovah's mighty fame;
In grateful lays surround his praise
Throughout the boundless frame,
And make all Heav'n to ring with his immortal name.

Great God! Oh deign to grant me health!
Which with content possessing,
I never then will covet wealth,
Or ask another blessing;
But tranquilly shall glide my days,
And I will sing thy mighty praise,
Remote from scenes of fashion,
Where folly holds her court, and where
The rich are drown'd in noisy care,
And senseless dissipation;
And when the stage shifts to old age,
And I shall be to earth consign'd,
Oh may I fall belov'd by all,
In peace with all mankind!
And in this trying scene a gracious Saviour find!

Bridgewater. W. D. CHAMPION.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO ELIZA.

BEGIN, my muse! th' exalted lay,
Attune with magic pow'r my verse,
Beam on my mind a fav'ring ray,
While I Eliza's praise rehearse.

She's like the glitt'ring dew of morn,
The azure violet that blows,
Primroses that the fields adorn,
The beauteous white and scarlet rose,

The sun that spreads its beams afar,
The moon that shines in bright array,
The fair and lucid morning star,
The gilded clouds at break of day,

The shining firmament on high,
The plumes that deck the peacock fair,
The splendid blue ethereal sky,
The blossoms which the myrtles bear,

The smiling daisy of the field,
The gilly-flower that smells so sweet,
To thee their matchless beauty yield,
In thee their lovely graces meet.

Who can resist such pow'rful charms?
Which work so strongly on the mind,
Her love each soften'd bosom warms,
And melts the hardest of our kind.

JUVENIS.

FRAGMENT.

Translated from the Latin of Dr. JORTIN.

O'ER the dale, and o'er the glade,
As the streamlet wanders,
Or along the reedy glade
Silently meanders:
Haunts awhile its parent plain,
Fring'd with many a willow;
Then precipitates amain,
Lost in ocean's billow:

Thus, with me, life's little day
Glides in soothing quiet;
Far from hoarse forensic fray,
Far from pomp and riot;
When the little day shall close,
Take me, slumbers holy,
Tir'd with labours, worn with woes,
Sick of pleasing folly!

EPIGRAM.—TO AN UNEMPLOYED BARRISTER.

IF to reward them for their various evil,
All lawyers go hereafter to the Devil,
So little mischief dost thou from the laws,
Thou'lt surely go below WITHOUT A CAUSE.